

showed an iron jaw and stuck to the finish.

Charles P. Taft, owner of the Cubs, is in Chicago, and definitely says that the deals of the Connery syndicate for the purchase of his stock is off.

## EDDIE GRANEY RAPS "FRESH" FIGHTERS—TELLS OF REFEREE'S DUTIES

BY EDDIE GRANEY.

The thing the fighters of today need most and get least of is the plain, blunt truth.

They are being "yessed to death" by those who fawn and flatter. It's always "yes, yes," from everyone, with never a sober, checking "no" to drive home a warning or advice.

The result is a surmounting vanity which frequently makes the younger scrappers of today the



Eddie Graney, Famous Tuxedo Referee.

laughing stock of everyone outside their own coterie. And of course it prevents them from ever becoming really "big."

As an example of this colossal egotism—the assumption that the world hangs breathlessly on their words and actions—I remember one youngster with whom I sat in a box at the theater, watching a Lillian Russell

The difference in the price asked and bid is too wide to be bridged.

Taft will arrange some business details in connection with the club, and may select a new president before he leaves.

performance.

With the utmost assurance he asked the usher to go behind the scenes for a specially requested song.

"Just tell Lillian that I want her to sing it," he said, with a wave of his hand.

Needless to say there was no response. Lillian Russell probably had never even heard of this second rater before.

Another, when his fighting was criticized by the dean of sport writers in this country, announced in a huff that he was "going across the continent to see that guy's managing editor and have him fired."

And if you undertake to be frank with this type of ringster, you may count on his being your enemy forever. They can't stand sincerity, if it's critical. And their name is legion.

A sport that is bloated with cheap vanity, that lives on flattery, spurning the blunt, wholesome ration of truth, cannot long remain vital.

I can't draw a pleasant prospect for the future years of the present day fighter.

What ring favorite, or for that matter what other professional athlete, ever becomes a success in the business world, except perhaps as owner of a saloon or cafe?

Today the winners swagger down the street with hat and cane, and mane plastered over their eyes. Tomorrow they're bums. Of course there are exceptions, but they only emphasize the rule.

Their parasites make them so.

Fighters, promoters, referees, all ring followers, are expected to carry